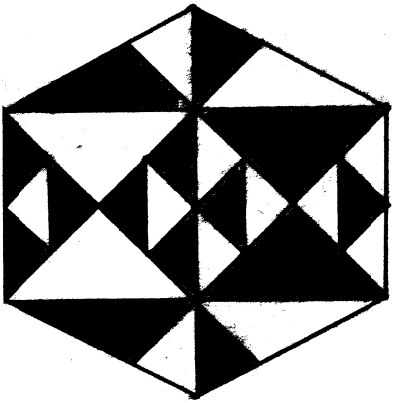
the nudist posable

jacob king

THE NUDIST POSABLE



poems by

JACOB KING

2024
THE NEW DISPOSABLE

TO SHANNON JONAS

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PRELUDE TO A FOREST DANCE

Watch the dog
Beware his breath
That cunning musical power
Testify to the stitches here in my hand
The holes we hold
Essences of citrus worlds, string, and the
Floral aroma of the trickster I love
And who I once was
His footsteps spell out a poem called "You"
It goes like

    Eye on the clock
    Time on your hands
    Crying dogs
    Pigs with six sticks

Invisible and around the room
Aloud and alive
A hem in the leg
Art of the damned

FUNHOUSE

What a freak
A disgusting vial
And how cunning a complexion
I frolick under those glottal beats

Mimick, burglar
Always off
To a glazy gold crimson vesper
Boar's head dead on the wall with your ribs in the tooth
Muskrats dangled like ornaments
Turtle shells, oak daggers, someone's grinning
I love you
You say "Here is the book"
"Learn to believe in me"
I'm painted in sessions with your relevance

OF A GALLOP I BIDDED

Of a gallop I bidded
By the twinkle streams of milk-follied air, heir, I was
When chimed the stampedes like bottle rings, like
canyons
Which sounded in boyhood and in good ends
forthcome
Gladly and with wile I met Beauty as it was
Under embroidered itches and a scandal's steps
A kiss and a weep was a goddess who meant love once
And then stooped by the coin cap novelists with hats
I saw you there

CALL ANY VAGABOND

And the halls changed like a
Bloomed metropolis in tribute, in lust, for
A wino prince by the bumble shush, yea
Recall the velvet faces watching thru telescopes
Spiral stairs trembling from which
Two lovers, afters years spun, had meant to appreciate
their
Corridor walk, but boredom prevailed
And the paintings were gone, obviously

It was thudlike
The flowers were sourlike now in the concrete glen
Doorways, ajar, became bloodfilled like myth
All was all

Two lovers were together and alone
A weird distance, with exits many but far
The paint was yellow but the stuff made it look
Grainy, beerlike
Cabbage was dinner
Pecker

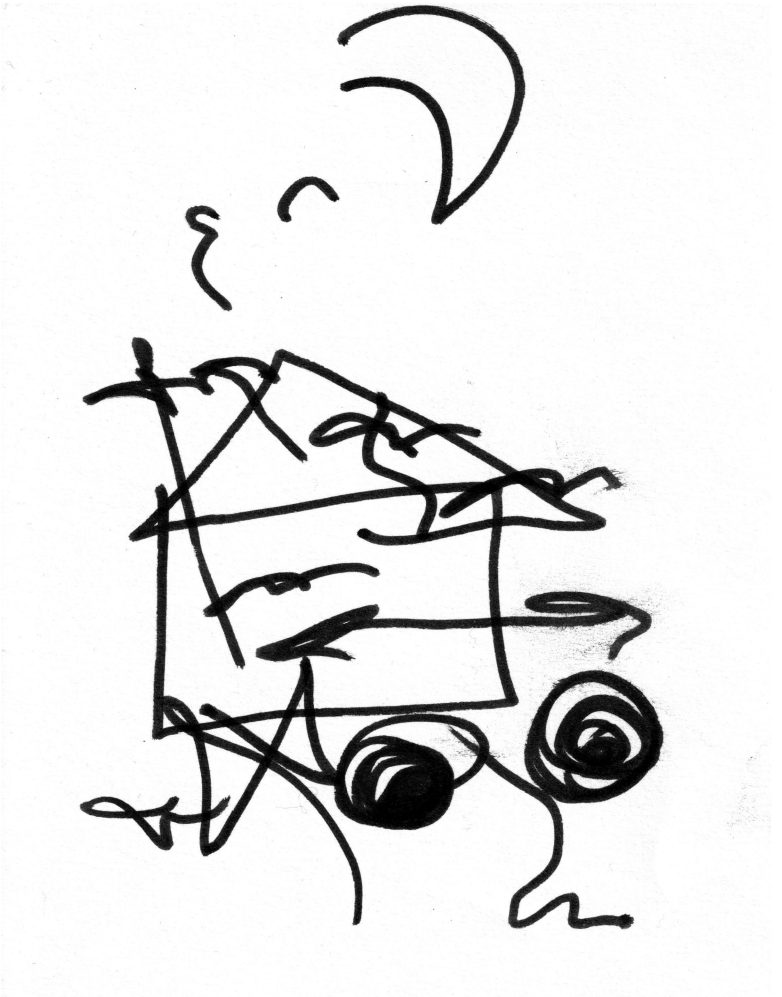
FROM THE FIDDLES

From the fiddles I spiraled I spit
I felt my cement life turning in
And overlapping itself
I saw a wraith wrinkled by a mirror

From the flyers above
I heard a high life tale
And I remembered what jail could be like
And Caesar died in a play

I remember the shadow of a man
Who took breaths hypnagogic
Whose finger pointed up to a dumb galaxy
One with royal typers and painters aristocratic

Velvet curtains were pulled back to reveal
The sinewy toes of an ugly girl
But further detail revealed it was
Nothing



SLUMBERLAND

I wander thru ancient markets
Asking how to solve geometry puzzles
And I swallow saltwater
After swishing it cheek to cheek
Trying to estrange myself from
Having a mouth
Feeling personlike

I don't know why origins mean so much to us

"Ha-ha" goes a rabbit on the mire
With a gurgle of rain afoot
And roses die backwards, in terms of smell
God's a clock in a dream someone had
Watching everybody and moving his hands in circles

I awoke to such a clatter—gee
Once I was a dove who could love by the sea in threes
My skull fades thru wallpaper, and
Scratch scratch—that little pencil flies thru time
I will never die

So it begins—endless solicitors are at the front door
"You want this?" and I don't
And I didn't answer the door anyway

PRICK

There's the prick that we'll know by the end
A riddle-kid whose wrists were whacked by soothsayer sisters
Ruby-wanters trailing behind in odd couples
Gonna get him

The kid was borne by a skinless queen
On a planet that never showed on our telescopes
But sirens rang like acid chimes and we danced in rhythm then

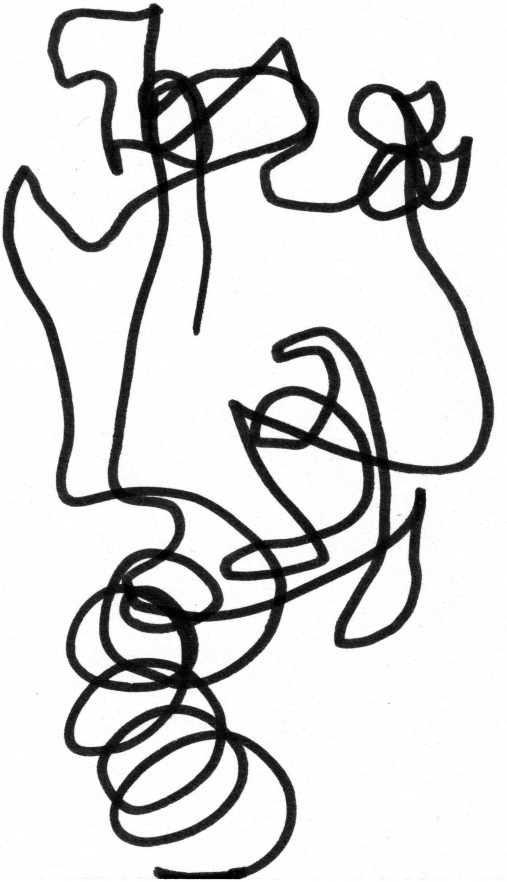
The kid was fox quick and smart with silence
After a cunning swipe of Madame's candy gem
And break of fast in the aqua mingle
He who art in pink moon shade

Shoot

The kid realized the story is now—
But a hundred years of jail stalled that proud trek
Eating spiders and collecting hair

He forgot what it was all for
And sat ass on prick

Good



ON THE PLEASANT

Jotting away
I live between Monday and Tuesday
I have given up on imagination
I watch old images and laugh alone in the cold, outside

The breeze from brick with kiss-ricochets
Caught in the river sips I sought
There is seldom a chill that provokes me

Finally kicking in, eyelid twitching
I've never read The Crucible, I think, and then
Dogs and pigs have just taken up smoking cigarettes
Their thoughts combine above into bubbles
Nimble and easy
Thereupon a pact is formed—

Never shall any each one of them ought to wonder
    anything too out of the box

It's better to just keep on with the smoking

LOPSIDED

Sleet soaks down
Hat sops up
Buds, hairy with their earth
Bloom off my scalpy top.

Reversely, the unborn scream
"You made me remember" at
The local candy legend
Strides, resides, "family perfume"
Inner ears
Years.

MY FAVORITE TASTES

All of my favorite tastes sit in containers on shelves behind doors within pantries across oceans under cumulonimbus thru fields, steels, sickling scythes, plights across pipes, calls or karma for brothers or lovers, egos and artists included, horn-tooted mentors once the rapture tapped you or blue baby bonnet and how Jesus and Mother Madonna, I would love to see you Baby Jesus.

Unbuckle please, teasing, driver drives hundreds of styles and we have had eras, this drive—remember the minutes after our run thru red, I was dead almost and you too and the girl in passenger all woulda died in the grandest display, the wildest performance: I love you all, I love you Seneca Falls, beautiful bridge but in my future, I love you keys for the car jangling, Carissa did I know you then? we were fine, made across the wading water in time, blackened top where tires topple for decades, but it was just a mistake my friend.

A CREATURE IS HERE

The man whose face looks like a cauliflower.
The man whose heads are hidden in hats.
The jokester whose gall has stalled.
The stoic whose mom dropped him off.
The woman whose affliction stems from nonfiction.
The man whose kiss envelops unsymmetrical sides of faces.
The vagabond whose bags of bonds are lost in luggage.
The girl whose gloves ironically contain wicked witch fingers.
The idiot whose notions rely on gold or silver or something.

All of these people are here for a party, and all of these people are one person. This one person died, so the party ended. Left behind are streamers made of intestinal lining and balloons sewn from popcorn kernel skin. The stereo is on and the sounds shoot lasers across the room like a high security bank vault. If you go there, your peripheral vision informs a trick wherein believably, a creature is here! Turn around, nothing. Why do you come here? Selfishly, you read this, and I am you. You are these words.

ALL THE SELVES

One day I took a trip inside my mind,
And there contained were all the selves within:
Him, her, them, my. And so I'd longed to find
An element to bind my soul to skin.

To wear a face that felt so dull was dim.
I next put focus on my fear most dire:
Inside me if I felt in ways my limbs
Did contradict, would not my whole conspire

To settle quarrels in crusades? I took
In time a self with charm who lurked aback
And twiddled string like tricksters do. I shook
My spirit hard ensuring I don't lack

The proof of self: A soul contains a crew.
Therefore, wide smiling is what you must do.

HEARTH OF SOIL

My mind is a magnet
I drank coffee and my stomach felt pink
The Universe fishes for me with a horseshoe
Fate says up or down

During a war the soldiers are teeth
Smiling only together
One by one they die
Entering the hearth of soil
At the gates of heaven
A creator's touch turns each sacred
Friends of the devil recover corpses
And the king sinister dons a new grin

I recited this at a factory
And everyone stood up and they cheered and clapped

Y

THE MURKIEST WATERS AND THE TARANTULAS THAT LEFT THEM

I

Someone mutters into my ear
Yes you know that's like a reply to something else from
A sufferer with eyes dried out squinted
Like those old men whose war is on holiday
Anniversary I mean well I don't mean to offend but
What's a clash of gods without the anger? awaken
Receiver you've asked to come to dinner I am
Seething and casting shadows of understanding upon
Knights a-yonder
Why I recall my smirk of belonging and the
Purplehead baron I saw I watched his parade agaze
So goes the roast that followed
A mead puddle hall full stranger thing I wish
I paid more attention
I recall my estranged speculation boyishly about

II

Someone mutters into my ear
A Galapagos family out there on the Wild West
Sipping orange flavor and manifesting
Gold, ruby, rosewater
All a gift for you Receiver
Creation is fake and a laughing matter to love
A youth dulcet pours out like a sky
Kissing cowgirl ghosts
And the bony finger Death pokes your sternum
The bag I'm in
Brick basement you've been to
Crawling space you saw a rainbow go
Golden elves ensuring Christmas sake
If you see them thank them
Puller bat chain hat kitty drab ladder
Mrs. Robinson's out on the wing of the plane
Holy God I admire you up there with the wind all
Buttery and angular up on your brow
I'm anywhere with the help of hotdog spit and
The sidewalk grass Patsy

III

Someone mutters into my ear
Up and over a shining frozen wheel
A boy dangled by the hand of Time
The snowcaps cried milk onto our galaxy
That's how it happened you know
Pots and pans washing themselves in the erotic
    bathhouses
With petite sounds like drawls
Different from our talk today
Eyelids fell like prisms curing light
My two o'clock year teased the bother horse
Some handsome place yes
A hill up there down and thru
Inside and out like a rabbit on hooks
Strung up for sale
I heard this all in the salons of my era
I stopped for nothing and created flying carpets
With my blink I flew East to learn that
The beginning starts without being asked to

IV

Someone mutters into my ear
Why dear honey up in heaven
Baby lord father himself you know
Squirrely fellow from Treasure Island
Freaking out the good people of the land
A kiss from a woodmaid on a bundle of twigs
And a dagger unsheathed bouncing down the cave wall
The sounds creep thru the master's door
I laughed hardly and expected more
So then the dull creatures of the forest
Got crazy for a time living frugally
Wine and beer and cheese
Laughing and sharing and storytelling
Pastoral cheer ringing thru the cobblepaths
Down the merchant stands and roads that devolve into
Grass and dung
A warlock there got off by robinhooding the rich
A bow and arrow is good beer
A smirky glint
Fermented with force
A family process with no mistakes made

V

Someone mutters into my ear
I am the last known bard and a
Disposable demigod
You're mistaken to believe me
I'm a Wall Street guy
And I built the pyramids
I built Egypt
Merely and for no reason
I built 2001 and my mind's shot to crazy places
Where bullets are sprinkled
On the brick where goes a pepperminded Queen
The blood of bats rained down for forty days
Never forget my wise ass kiss
And my smile in our bedroom temple
I don't mean to come off this way
There are swingers out there
With love

LORETTA

"Are oil lamps part of a new wave?"

Atop royal animals—panda, tiger, elephant, more
I drowned in hair those summers
Clumps of me fell to concrete, like a basement floor
Which it was
A better question—"where does all the hair go?"
A toast to you.

Hundreds of futurists fill the auditorium
They are straight-faced save for one that I spot
A balcony giggler dressed ornately
Chuckling and waving hello up there
I smile and appreciate my upbringing.

The past compels
Eight lemons to the half wall
Infinity pinewood forever brick slab cuttlace quarterly
You know Wall Street
Nothing rolls faster than a stone.

SILHOUETTE

You want me to say silhouette
In a poem
And take my forefinger to the floor corners

I am facially the floor corners
Sodden, sultry until my janitor half
Bleaches it with lemons

I am the empty glass
The nudist posable
I lost my hair today
And skittish and awake, I became a pink brush
Curly fry seasoning as eyebrow dust
The freak you remember
Rum drink spit like glitter on a poster
A crimson pendant I pinched off Orion
Music was secretly everything

Anyway that shadow fell
I was ready to join—
Why, a belt squeezes your middle
And severs your brain from your shame

FROM A MOON HONEY

From a moon honey
A child blue idly wonders
How a year flies. A
Hazel poet's June mood was
Smitten by slumber. Awake.

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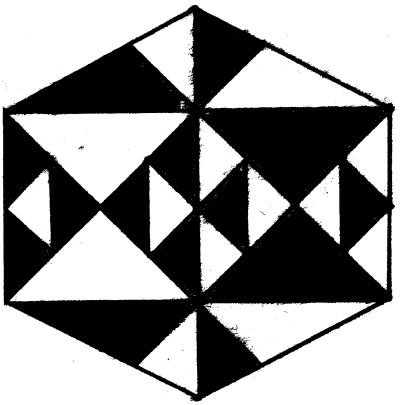
Say hello: thenewdisposable@gmail.com

THANK YOU GOODBYE & GOOD NITE